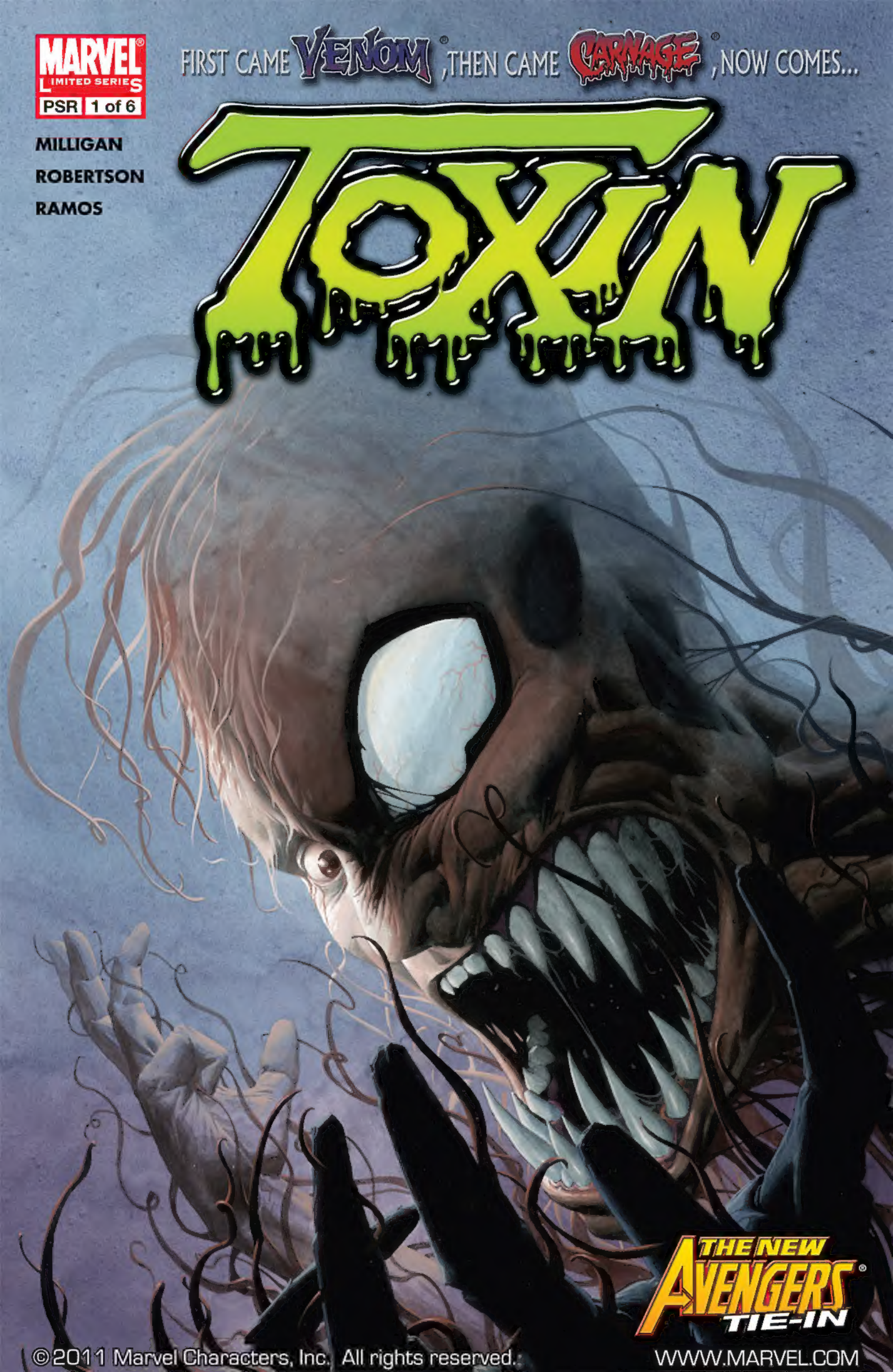
MARVEL LIMITED SERIES

PSR 1 of 6

MILLIGAN
ROBERTSON
RAMOS

FIRST CAME VENOM, THEN CAME CARNAGE, NOW COMES...

TOXIN



THE NEW AVENGERS TIE-IN

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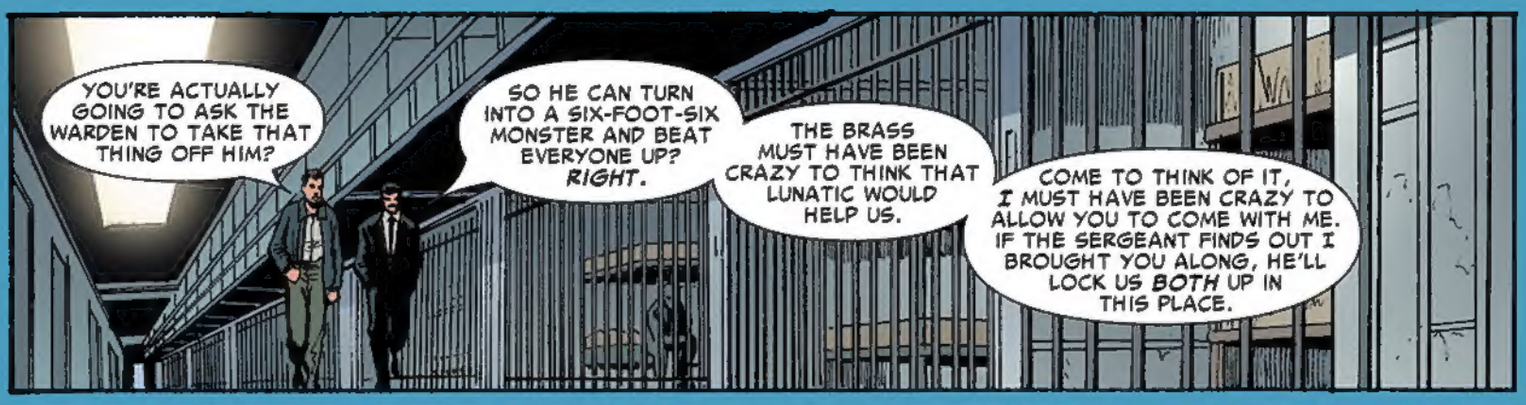
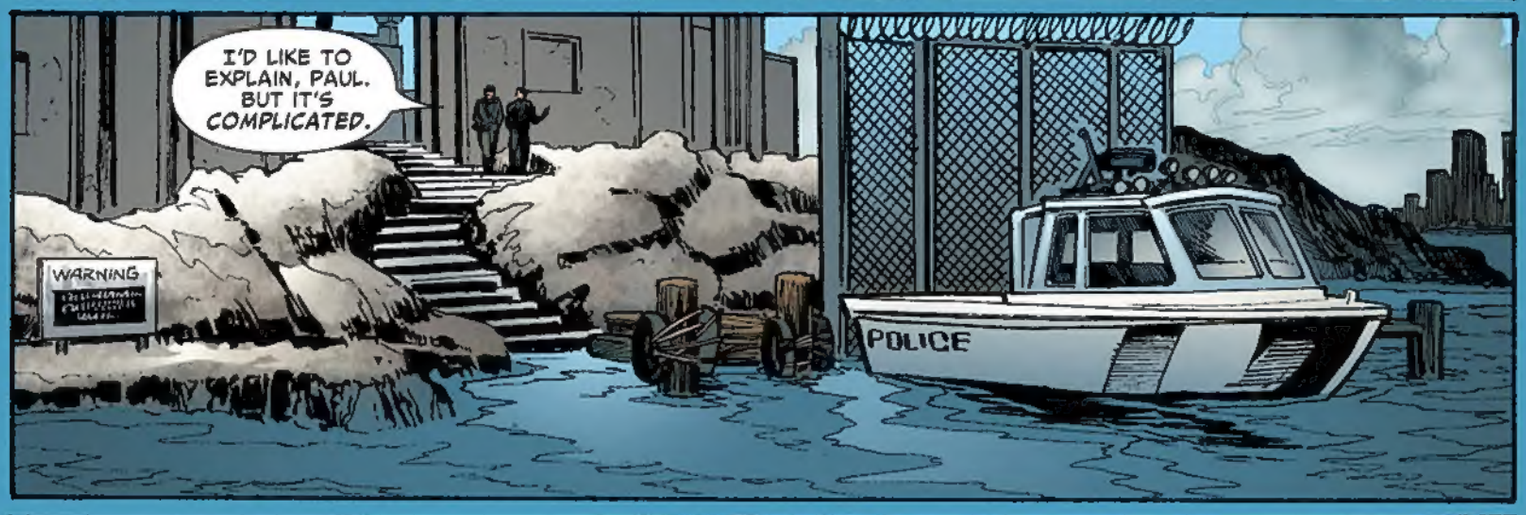
OH, ANGEL, THE DIAMONDS ARE PERFECT. IN THESE FACETS I SEE THE VERY WONDERS OF INFINITY.
IN OTHER WORDS, I LOVE THEM.
I'M JUST THE COURIER GIRL, MR. KLEIN. YOU CAN LOVE THEM, HATE THEM OR BE INDIFFERENT, FOR ALL I CARE.
Ksssssss

I PLAN TO START MY SEARCH FOR KING COBRA IN A BUILDING FULL OF STALE HUMAN SWEAT AND MANIC GIBBERING.
BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IS CLOSED, SO I COME HERE INSTEAD...
Ryker's Island Maximum Security Penitentiary
WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU?
YOU HATE KING COBRA.
I HATE EVERYTHING. THAT'S WHAT THIS PLACE DOES TO YOU.
KING COBRA COULD HAVE HELPED YOU ESCAPE FROM HERE. BUT HE LEFT YOU BEHIND TO ROT. AGAIN.
HELP US FIND HIM AND I'LL PUT IN A WORD WITH THE GUARDS. MAYBE MAKE YOUR LIFE A LITTLE EASIER IN HERE.
YOU KNOW, THEY'VE FIDDLED WITH THE ELECTRIC PULSE IN THIS COLLAR...INHIBITS MY LIBIDO... WHICH IN THIS PLACE, WITH MY NEIGHBORS, I CAN LIVE WITH.
PROBLEM IS...IT ALSO STOPS ME ASSUMING MY TRUE FORM OF MR. HYDE.
MR. HYDE ISN'T ACTUALLY YOUR TRUE FORM. MR. HYDE IS THE BESTIAL SIDE OF YOUR NATURE...
WE'VE ALL GOT A BESTIAL SIDE, OFFICER MULLIGAN. AND I'M VERY HAPPY WITH MINE.
HERE'S THE DEAL. I HELP YOU FIND THE SNAKE, AND YOU GET THE GUARDS TO TAKE THIS THING OFF.
HALF AN HOUR A DAY, THAT'S ALL. AT RECREATION PERIOD, SO I CAN BE MR. HYDE. I'LL DO SOME PAINTING. CREATIVE WRITING, THAT KINDA STUFF.


YOU'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO ASK THE WARDEN TO TAKE THAT THING OFF HIM?
SO HE CAN TURN INTO A SIX-FOOT-SIX MONSTER AND BEAT EVERYONE UP? RIGHT.
THE BRASS MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO THINK THAT LUNATIC WOULD HELP US.
COME TO THINK OF IT, I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO ALLOW YOU TO COME WITH ME. IF THE SERGEANT FINDS OUT I BROUGHT YOU ALONG, HE'LL LOCK US BOTH UP IN THIS PLACE.

I TOLD YOU, I NEED TO KEEP BUSY, PAUL.

WHAT YOU NEED IS TO COME TO YOUR SENSES, PAT. GO BACK TO YOUR WIFE AND KID. START BEING A COP AGAIN.
INSTEAD OF IMPERSONATING ONE.
I STILL DON'T GET WHY YOU WALKED OUT ON EVERYTHING. AM I MISSING SOMETHING OR WHAT?


I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN, PAUL. BUT IT'S COMPLICATED.
WARNING
POLICE

REALLY, REALLY COMPLICATED.

IT'S SIMPLE. I'M BORED. I WANT TO GO OUT.
BE QUIET. I'M TRYING TO READ.
DON'T CARE. I WANT TO GO OUT.
YOU CAN GO OUT LATER.
YOU MEAN WHEN IT'S DARK?
YES.
BECAUSE YOU'RE SCARED OF SOMEONE SEEING ME.
YEAH, I'M SCARED. YOU SCARE ME. THIS WHOLE WHACKED-OUT SITUATION SCARES ME.
I DIDN'T ASK TO BE BORN.
AND I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO CHOOSE ME AS YOUR HOST, TOXIN.
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE
THAT WASN'T MY CHOICE. MAYBE I COULD HAVE DONE BETTER. SOMEONE WITH A LITTLE MORE GET-UP-AND-GO.
I'M SORRY TO BE A DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU.
WHY DID YOU KEEP YOUR POLICE UNIFORM WHEN YOU WALKED OUT ON YOUR JOB?
IT...IT MIGHT COME IN USEFUL.
YOU MEAN...YOU HAVE A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT TO THE PAST THAT YOU JUST CAN'T BREAK?
BE QUIET!
JENNY'S
RESTAURANT

SHE'LL BE HERE SOON.
SHE'S NEVER MORE THAN TEN MINUTES LATE.
I TELL MYSELF THIS ISN'T GOING TO HURT.
I TELL MYSELF THIS MUST GET EASIER. JUST LIKE I TOLD MYSELF THE LAST TIME. AND THE TIME BEFORE THAT.
AND I'M WRONG.
AGAIN.
EVERY DAY I PUT MYSELF THROUGH THIS. IT HURTS. BUT I HAVE TO SEE GINA AND THE BABY.
TOXIN CALLED IT A SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT THAT I CAN'T BREAK...
BUT WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO IS A LONG WAY FROM SENTIMENTAL.

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO RYKER'S ISLAND?
I WANT ANOTHER SHOT AT ZABO. AT MR. HYDE. I THINK I CAN GET THROUGH TO HIM THIS TIME.
POLICE
NYPD
PAT, YOU DON'T GET THROUGH TO THESE PEOPLE. THEY'RE ALL A BUNCH OF WHACKJOBS.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME. JUST ARRANGE IT FOR ME. MAKE A CALL. I'LL WEAR MY OLD UNIFORM.
WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE!
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN MAKE SENSE OF WALKING OUT ON GINA AND EDDIE. BY DOING GOOD. BY USING WHAT I'VE BECOME. MAYBE THAT STARTS BY BRINGING IN KING COBRA.
USING WHAT YOU'VE BECOME? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON WITH YOU, MULLIGAN?

OKAY. I'LL TELL YOU. BUT YOU GOTTA PROMISE ON EVERYTHING YOU HOLD DEAR...TO TELL NO ONE.
OH MY GOD, I KNEW IT.
YOU'RE GAY.
I AM NOT! I'M A MARRIED MAN. WITH A KID.
SO WAS GERRY REUBEN FROM HOMICIDE. HE HAD TWO KIDS.
I'M NOT, MEADOWS.
YOU REMEMBER... YOU REMEMBER THOSE TWO MONSTERS, THOSE ALIEN SYMBIOTE MANIACS...VENOM. AND CARNAGE?
REMEMBER? I STILL HAVE NIGHTMARES. ANOTHER CHANCE FOR SPIDER-MAN TO SHOW US UP AS A BUNCH OF IDIOTS...
YOU KNOW HOW VENOM USED THAT GUY AS ITS HOST? AND THEN IT GAVE BIRTH TO CARNAGE, WHO ENTERED THAT OTHER GUY... CLETUS KASADY. A NASTIER PIECE OF WORK YOU WON'T SEE.
WE-ELL... CARNAGE GAVE BIRTH TO A CHILD. A SYMBIOTE CHILD CALLED TOXIN. AND TOXIN, LIKE I GUESS ALL SYMBIOTES, NEEDS A HUMAN BODY AS A HOST.
AND YOU'RE...THE HOST?
YEP.
NOT GAY?
NOPE.

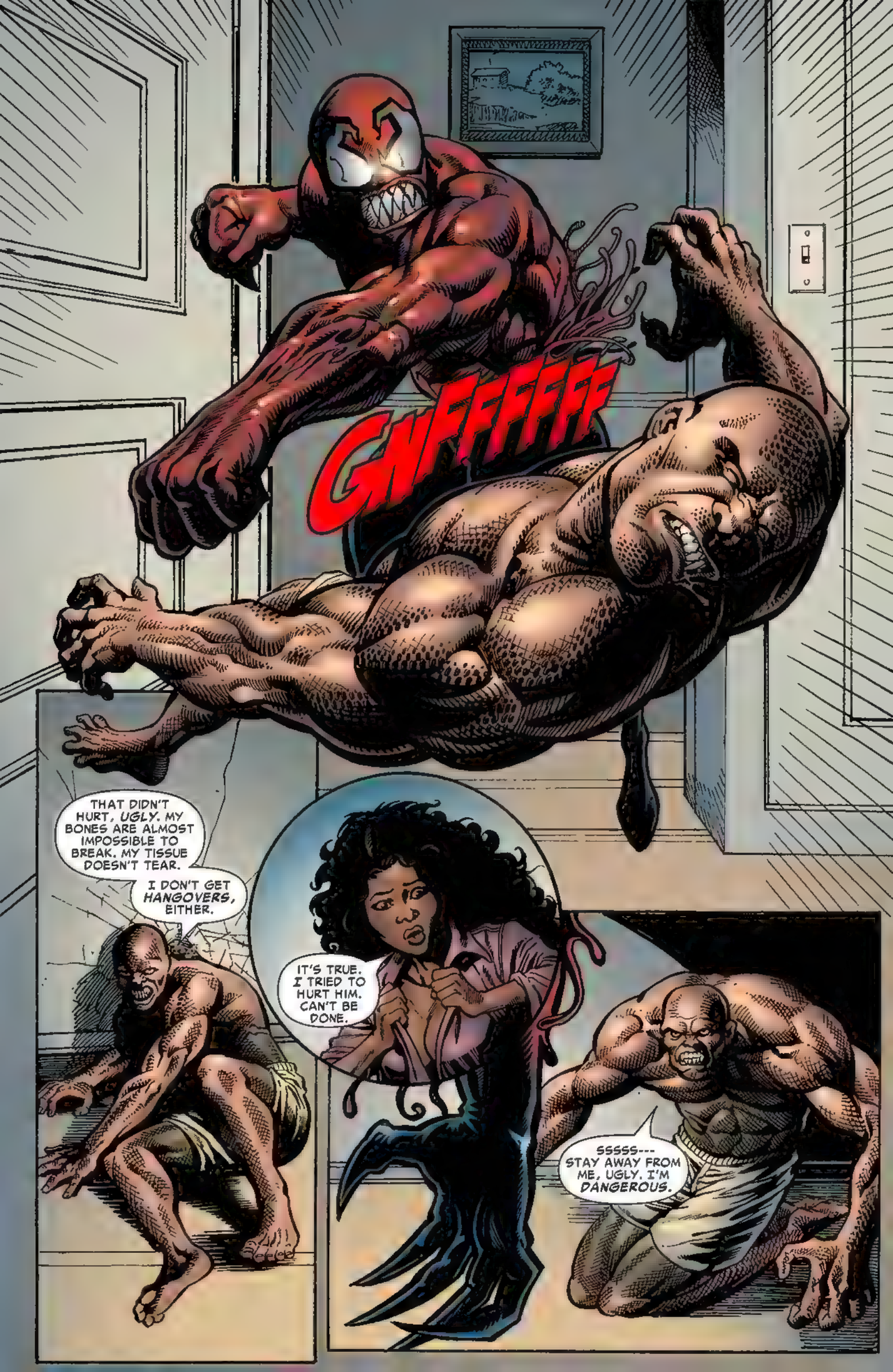
YOU AGAIN?
I WANT TO TALK.
DON'T TELL ME. KING COBRA.
FIRST, I WANT TO TALK ABOUT...DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
A MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD BOOK.
I GUESS ALL THE BEST ONES ARE.
MY, AIN'T WE DEEP?
I WANT TO HELP YOU, CALVIN. IF I CAN, I MEAN...
THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN HELP ME IS BY GETTING ME OUT OF THIS PLACE. CAN YOU SWING THAT? HUH?
I WAS THINKING MORE ALONG THE LINES OF HELPING YOU...
...BE MORE AT PEACE WITH YOURSELF.
PEACE, SCHMEACE.
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET INSIDE MY HEAD WITH A LOAD OF PSYCHO-BABBLE, YOU'RE MISTAKEN, COP. THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH ME IS THAT I GOT CAUGHT.

YOU SAW THE BOOK MERELY AS A BLUEPRINT, TO HELP YOU TURN INTO A MONSTER.
I KNOW, BUT IT'S ALSO ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL. AS IN, GOOD IS BAD, AND EVIL IS GOOD.
IT'S MORE COMPLEX THAN THAT.
P-PEOPLE...EVEN MR. HYDE...MAYBE SYMBIOTES, AREN'T ALL GOOD OR ALL BAD. THEY HAVE THE POTENTIAL FOR BOTH. BUT...MAYBE IF YOU TEACH THEM, ENCOURAGE THEM...
SYMBIOTES? SORRY, PAL. YOU'VE LOST ME.
GUARD!
INTERVIEW'S OVER, COP. TIME TO TUCK INTO THE PIG-SWILL THAT MASQUERADES AS LUNCH 'ROUND HERE.
IF I WAS YOU, I'D READ THAT BOOK AGAIN. GOOD IS BAD, EVIL IS GOOD. IT'S ALL IN THERE.
HOLD UP! YOU WANTED SOMETHING ON KING COBRA?
TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE. HE MOLTED BEFORE HE SPLIT.
YOU'LL NEED A THICKER SKIN TO CATCH THE SNAKE MAN.

"BUT IN THE HANDS OF EDWARD HYDE, THEY SOON BEGAN TO TURN TOWARDS THE MONSTROUS...WHEN I WOULD COME BACK FROM THESE EXCURSIONS..."
"...I WAS OFTEN PLUNGED INTO A KIND OF WONDER AT MY VICARIOUS DEPRAVITY..."
BORING! WHAT'S WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED LINGO? CAN'T WE HAVE SOMETHING MORE RELEVANT TO TODAY?
I MEAN, HE NEVER SPELLS OUT WHAT ALL THESE MONSTROUS THINGS ARE THAT MR. HYDE DOES.
THAT'S THE ENTIRE POINT. MR. HYDE'S ACTIONS ARE--
HE'S CLOSE. REAL CLOSE.
WHO'S CLOSE?
WHOEVER'S SKIN THAT WAS.
Y-YOU'RE RIGHT. FEEL THOSE HAIRS RISING ON MY BACK?
TICKLES, DOESN'T IT?
I CAN SMELL IT. OH, I CAN TASTE IT. HE'S CLOSE. HOW DO I KNOW THIS?
WE KNOW...

OH GOD, WE KNOW.
I STOP THINKING NOW AND GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE HEART-RACING, BEAUTIFUL CRAZINESS OF IT...
IS THIS WHAT HOUNDS FEEL? CHASING DOWN A SCENT, PULLED BY MUSIC ONLY THEY CAN HEAR...
IS THIS HOW DR. JEKYLL FELT?
FREED FROM THE STRAIT-JACKET OF VICTORIAN RESPECTABILITY...

YOU GOIN'?
SOME OF US GOT TO WORK, COBRA-BABY.
I GOT PLENTY OF MONEY. HOW MUCH D'YOU NEED?
YOU THINK I DID THIS FOR MONEY?
DING DONG
DING DONG
I THINK MONEY CAME INTO THE EQUATION.
OF COURSE, THERE WAS ALSO THE FABULOUS GLAMOUR AND DANGER THAT I REPRESENT. DANGER IS VERY SEXY TO SOME WOMEN.
AND THERE'S MY INFAMOUS COBRA GRIP.
MM HMM. THAT COBRA GRIP...
WHO IS... UH...
I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT ROOM SERVICE?


GNFFFFFF
THAT DIDN'T HURT, UGLY. MY BONES ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK. MY TISSUE DOESN'T TEAR.
I DON'T GET HANGOVERS, EITHER.
IT'S TRUE. I TRIED TO HURT HIM. CAN'T BE DONE.
SSSSS--- STAY AWAY FROM ME, UGLY. I'M DANGEROUS.

GAH!
YOU THINK THAT'S FAST?
I'LL SHOW YOU FAST...
I DON'T USUALLY WASTE THAT MOVE ON JUST ANYONE. BUT YOU'RE BIG AN' UGLY ENOUGH TO DESERVE THE BEST.
UGGNN!
DON'T BLACK OUT. THIS IS SO STUPID.
I'M SO STUPID.
CHARGING RIGHT INTO THIS--
BEFORE I KNOW WHAT I'M EVEN CAPABLE OF.
SORRY, BABY. IT WAS FUN, BUT A GIRL'S GOTTA LIVE.
ANGEL! NO!

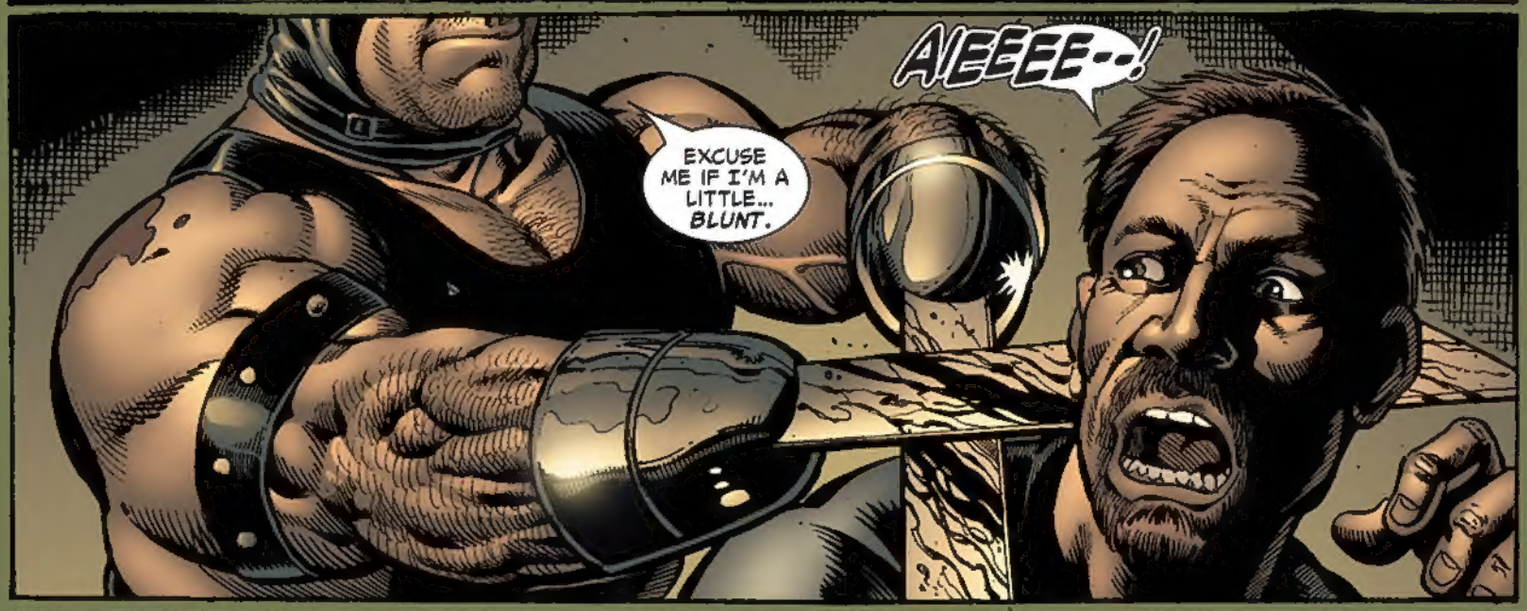
MY GOD.
I CAN FEEL MY BONES LEAVING THEIR SOCKETS. THE TISSUE STRETCHING...
BUT NO PAIN, EVEN WHEN IT FEELS THERE SHOULD BE.
THIS ACTUALLY FEELS GOOD. OBSCENELY, INEXPLICABLY--
GOOD.
AAAAAGHHHHHHH!
OH OH OH OH
KRASSH
USED TO BE LAWS AGAINST THAT KINDA THING.

ARGHH!
"ARGHH"? I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T BE HURT.
I WAS EXAGGERATING A LITTLE. WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?
I'M PAT MU
TOXIN.
I AM TOXIN.
NEVER HEARD OF YOU.
YOU HAVE NOW. WHEN YOU GET BACK TO RYKER'S YOU CAN SPREAD MY NAME.

N.Y.P.D.
17
POLICE
YOU DON'T WANNA HANG AROUND AND GET THE GLORY?
I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR THE GLORY.
HMMM.
YOU WERE LUCKY: KING COBRA ALMOST KILLED US BOTH.
I KNOW, I KNOW.
YOU COULD SEE IT ALL?
SURE, I TOOK A KIND OF BACKSEAT. LET YOU TAKE OVER. I THOUGHT, BEING AN EX-COP, YOU WOULD HAVE HANDLED THINGS A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENTLY.
LAY OFF, KID. THIS IS ALL NEW TO ME.

YOU SHOULD HAVE STEPPED BACK. LET ME HAVE A GO AT THE STEERING WHEEL.
I DON'T TRUST WHAT YOU'D DO. I CAN FEEL YOUR NASTY URGES. AS LONG AS I'M YOUR HOST, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN TO BOTTLE THEM UP.
IS THIS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION... OR MERELY THE LATTER STAGES OF PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIA?
SPIDER-MAN!
IT'S BEEN A WHILE, PAT. SEEMS TIME FOR A LITTLE CHAT, WEBHEAD TO...WELL, WHATEVER YOU ARE THESE DAYS. BUT I DON'T LIKE HANGING 'ROUND POLICE STATIONS.
WANT A RIDE HOME?
TH-THANKS, BUT I GOT MY OWN MODE OF TRANSPORTATION.
GOOD. THEN FOLLOW ME.
DOES THE NAME RAZOR-FIST MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, PAT?

LESSEE... AFTER THE AMPUTATION YOU H-HAD... PROSTHETIC HANDS FITTED?
YES.
TH-THEN...YOU CHOSE...YOU ACTUALLY CHOSE TO HAVE THEM REMOVED...AND REPLACED BY THOSE THINGS?
CORRECT.
TH-THIS IS THE PLACE I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT.
IT'S DAMP. DARK. DESOLATE. IT REEKS OF STALE URINE AND VOMIT. A LINGERING ODOR OF LONELY DEATH.
YES, A MAN COULD FEEL AT HOME HERE.
THIS SUITE IS ALREADY OCCUPIED, BROTHER.
IT'S EVERY AMERICAN'S RIGHT TO DEFEND HIS OWN PROPERTY.
WE GONNA CHOP YOU UP AND FEED YOU TO THE ALLIGATORS THAT LIVE IN THE SEWERS, MAN.
ALLIGATORS? IN MANHATTAN?
I THOUGHT THAT WAS AN URBAN LEGEND.


AIEEEE--!
EXCUSE ME IF I'M A LITTLE... BLUNT.

OH--
OH, BUT TH-THAT'S HORRIBLE.

SSSHHHTT

AIRRREE!

AN OLD BANDAGE SOAKED THROUGH WITH DRIED BLOOD. DON'T ASK ME HOW I GOT IT.
THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR ME TO TRACK HIM. THOUGH IT'S PRETTY DISGUSTING.
YOU SURE YOU'RE UP FOR THIS? I WON'T THINK ANY LESS OF YOU IF YOU--
NO, NO. IT'D BE AN HONOR. I NEED TO KEEP BUSY. I WANT TO BE USEFUL. YOU KNOW, TO SERVE.
YEAH. WE ALL START OUT LIKE THAT.
AND THEN--?
BE CAREFUL WITH THIS GUY. I'D BRING HIM IN MYSELF BUT I'M UP TO MY EARS IN VILLAINS THESE DAYS...
HEY, I HANDLED KING COBRA OKAY...

"...HOW TOUGH CAN SOMEONE WITH *NO HANDS* BE?"

The Hand